THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER. Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany. $2 PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIV. SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1857. NO. 40.

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

T. O. P. VERNON Associate Editor.

Price Two Dollars per annum in advance, or $2.50 at the end of the year. If not paid until after the year expires $3.00.

Payment will be considered in advance if made within three months.

No subscription taken for less than six months.

Money may be remitted through postmasters at our risk.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates, and contracts made on reasonable terms.

The Spartan circulates largely over this and adjoining districts, and offers an admirable medium to our friends to reach customers.

Job work of all k' is promptly executed.

Blanks, Law and Equity, continually on hand or printed to order.

CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.

JULIA WOODSWORTH;

OR

LOVE STRONGER THAN PRIDE.

BY J. FORREST GOWAN.

CHAPTER II.

Desmond reached the city of C——, three days after the incidents related in the last chapter just as the "iron tongue of midnight" told the hour of twelve. After some considerable ringing and knocking, he succeeded in arousing the proprietor of the hotel, and gladly retired to his room, being much fatigued by his long journey. Seating himself beside his hastily kindled fire, and lighting his segar, he ordered Tom to request the landlord to send him a bottle of wine, and a light supper as quick as possible.

"I wonder," said Desmond, after Tom had left the room, "how I shall manage to obtain information as to the whereabouts of Lula? I certainly know not who, in so large a city, could direct me to the house of a person so little known and so little cared for as a poor, destitute woman." He walked towards the window overlooking the street, and looked out upon the sleeping city. It was a lovely night though cold, and every object was gilded by moonbeams

In the upper story of a house opposite, he saw a light, and persons within apparently at some kind of work. In the lower story of the same house was a brilliantly illumined apartment supposed to be one of those fashionable refreshment saloons, so numerous in large cities, fitted up for the express purpose of sending men to a drunkard's grave in a quiet and *gentlemanly* way. Though it was after midnight, it was evident, from occasional bursts of laughter which ever and anon pealed out upon the otherwise quiet night, that many persons were within.

Desmond sighed at the thought of sleepless sisters, watching mothers, and broken-heart wives anxiously awaiting the return of these very men, now drowning every noble emotion of the mind by quaffing liquid death and ruin from the maddening bowl.

Then came thoughts of Lula—where was she to-night? Perhaps a homeless, friendless wanderer amid the heartless world, or suffering beneath the roof of some cheerless garret alone and unloved.

Buried in such thoughts as these, he was about to turn from the window, when a low lone sob arrested his ear.

Oh how expressive was that sob!—how full of sorrow and pain did it sound as it parted the midnight air and quiveringly ascended to the God of the weary and woe stricken heart.

Desmond looked out of the window, to ascertain the cause of so sad and plaintive note of woe, and observed the form of a little child sitting upon the cold pavement, its head bowed upon its little hands and weeping bitterly.

"Here is work for me," said Desmond, as he threw his cloak around him, and quietly left his room, and descended to the street. As he opened the door of the hotel and stepped out upon the pavement, the child arose and was about to run away, when Desmond kindly asked, "What is the matter with you, little one?"

The kind tone of voice seemed to reassure the child, and leaning against a lamp-post it replied, "Nothing sir."

"But" said Desmond, going to the child and taking its little hands, "such a little girl as you are, should be at home by this late hour. Your hand is very cold, poor thing! and you seem to be very unhappy too. Why do you cry so?"

The little sufferer burst into tears, it was the only reply she had power to give.

"Come into my room a little and warm your little hands and bare feet and tell me why you sit here and weep," said Desmond as he led the child passively into the hotel.

As soon as Desmond entered his room with his little charge he was struck with the delicate beauty of the child. As he took off her little check bonnet a shower of auburn curls luxuriantly fell upon the shoulders of the pretty little creature. Her eyes seemed to have been colored by an angelic hand from heaven's own blue, and every feature was irresistably lovely and beautiful. As he seated her upon the rug before the fire and rubbed the little cold feet and hands, he felt assured that she was no common vagrant but the child of some refined person.

The child silently fixed its gaze upon Desmond, and a kind of anxiety and thought manifested themselves upon her every feature. Desmond, observing the child's puzzled gaze, patted her gently upon the head and remarked:

"You seem to know my face, little one."

"Yes sir," said the child, "I think I've seen you before, but I dont know where."

"Indeed?—well, darling, perhaps you are right, but really, I rather expect that you are mistaken."

The child was about to reply, when Tom entered the room bearing his master's supper. He looked wonderingly at his master, then upon the child, as if seeking an explanation of the strange apparition, but finding Desmond in no mood to gratify his curiosity, he placed the tray upon the table, and quietly walked towards the fire-place. Carelessly placing his hand upon the mantle, Tom knocked off the Ambrotype which his master had placed there before he left the room. The picture fell at the feet of the little girl, who, observing it, carelessly took it up, and with that curiosity so peculiar to children, proceeded to open and examine it.

No sooner did her eyes fall upon the picture than she jumped up and exclaimed with a sweet smile upon her countenance, "*Mother!*"

Desmond, who had been unpacking his trunk, turned quickly around on hearing the child's exclamation, and seeing the Ambrotype of Lula in her hands, rushed twards the child, after stepping heavily upon Tom's corns, and with a countenance pale as death exclaimed—

"For the love of Heaven, child, what do you mean?"

The child, somewhat frightened by Desmond's excited manner, tremblingly replied, as a little tear stole down her cheek, "I only said that this is mother's likeness, sir."

"Your *mother's* likeness?—and your name is ——."

"Lula, sir."

"Your mother's name is Lula Woodsworth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh God, I thank thee for this!" fervently exclaimed Desmond, as he pressed the astonished child to his bosom, while his tears fell thick and fast upon the glossy curls of the trembling innocent.

Tom's eyes almost started from their sockets as he witnessed this affecting scene. The poor fellow brushed away a tear from his cheeks with the sleeve of his coat, and going towards his master, he placed his hand upon his shoulder and with the most affecting simplicity said:

"Nebber mine, massa!—don't cry!"

Desmond led the child to a seat and taking her upon his knee, and smoothing back her beautiful curls, said with a quivering lip:

"And is it possible, that the child of Lula Woodsworth is so poorly clad, and wanders about the streets of this city at such hours as this! Tell me, my poor baby!—where's mother?"

"Home, sir," replied the child.

"And why do you wander about this cold night?"

The child briefly narrated her story as follows: She had been sent by her mother that afternoon to a distant part of the city, to carry some needle work to a wealthy doctor, who had been furnishing such work for Lula. Being in very destitute circumstances, and needing immediate assistance, she had told her little daughter to see the doctor himself, and request him to send the amount due her for the work. The child did not find him at home, and with a sad heart retraced her steps homeward. She could not bear the idea of her mother's disappointment if she should return home without the expected amount, and therefore again called upon the doctor about supper time.

He was at home, but had nothing smaller than a five dollar note, whereas the amount due for her mother's work was only seventy five cents. The child told the doctor that her mother had not a morsel of food at home, and that she herself had eaten nothing since morning.

He then gave her something to eat, and promised to call upon her mother in the morning and pay her the debt.

The poor child, wearied and disappointed, was on her way home, when she accidentally met a gentleman whose wife was also owing her mother a small amount for needle work. She mentioned it to him, told him how very much it was needed and besought him to give her at least twenty-five cents. He told her that he had no small change, but if she would wait until he could step into a tavern or saloon, near which he was standing, he would change a dollar and give her a half. The child gladly consented to his proposition, and he entered the saloon. She waited in the cold street for the villain almost two hours, and finally fell asleep on the stone steps of the house next to the hotel and opposite the saloon, which Desmond had observed from his window. The arrival of Desmond at the hotel had awakened her, and not knowing how long she had slept, she arose to go home, but recollecting the promised money, she thought she would sit down on the hotel steps and wait a little longer on the man who had gone into the tavern. Hearing the town clock strike twelve she became alarmed at the thought of being out so late, It was while weeping that Desmond had heard that low sob, and, as the reader is aware, went to her relief.

Desmond listened breathlessly to little Lula's story, which told so plainly the almost utter destitution of her mother.

He took the untasted supper from the table, and wrapping it nicely in some towels, he told Tom to take the child home, and to tell Mrs. Woodsworth that an old friend would call upon her in the morning.

He wrapped little Lula in a warm blanket, placed a piece of gold in her hand, kissed her affectionately, put her in Tom's arms, and the next moment Tom left the room, and Desmond was alone with his reflections.

"Truth is stranger than fiction, sure enough," said Desmond, as he drank off a glass of wine and musingly lighted his segar. "Who would have dreamed that I would have so soon found my poor Lula, or, that that little sob of disappointment under my window, should have been heard in heaven and answered in so much mercy. Oh! that it were morning! that I might hasten to Lula and relieve her from her painful situation."

Desmond suddenly paused—he had forgotten all along to ask himself one very important question, and now, that it suggested itself to his mind, it staggered his very soul. Would Lula accept of his proffered services, if he made himself known as her old lover? That was the question. Would she not recognise him, as he who had once kneeled at her feet in her father's mansion, and so beautifully, so nobly told her of his love, and asked her hand in marriage? Yes, she would remember all this, and more. She would call to mind the indignant frown, that drove him from her presence, and the cruel taunt of "a poverty stricken youth presuming to take such liberties with a wealthy heiress." But now, since she had been reduced to poverty herself, would she not gladly and gratefully accept of aid? and would not the very offer prove how he whom she had hitherto spurned, *had* loved, and been worthy of even an heiress? Ah! reader, you know more of human nature than to expect this, and so did Desmond.

"She will consider my advances, insults now, more than ever," said the unhappy Desmond, "and will suppose that I take advantage of her poverty and helplessness to force myself upon her notice to humble her pride, by making her an object of mere charity."

Alas! Desmond had forgotten how much the torn heart learns by experience, or that even proud and beautiful Lula may have kissed the chastening rod, and become yet more beautiful in her humility. "It is plain," continued Desmond, "that Lula must not be made aware of my arrival in the city, and then I can help her without the possibility of her knowing from whom she has received that help. I fear, however, that her child will describe my appearance, or that Tom may mention my name." He had scarcely concluded the sentence when Tom entered the room with a very sad countenance, and, without saying a word, seated himself on the hearth before the fire.

"Well, Tom," said Desmond, "did you see Mrs. Woodsworth?"

"Yes, sur."

"What did she say?—how does she look?—where does she live?—speak out you rascal!

"Too much queshun, massa—wait little wile."

"What do you mean, sir!"

"O, mass Desmond, I feel too bad wen I gone in and see de poor lady."

"Tom!" exclaimed Desmond, much agitated, "why do you not tell me what you saw, at once!"

"Why, Mass Desmond, wen I git by de ole house in Mason's court, de little missy tell me fuh stop rite dare—dat her ma stay up stares. I gone up stares, way up to de top story, an de place wus so dark dat I fall down fuh tru. Little missy gin to cry, and jist den I see one door open, and a oman come out and say "Lula, is dat you, darling?" Den she teck the chile up and gin to cry too; and ask um wuh 'e been doin out so late.

I feel kine o' sorry fuh de lady, an tell um dont cry, fuh massa sen sum nice supper fuh um. Den I gone in de room, but ebry ting look so dark, dat I seel scare, fuh tru. I teck a match out ob my pocket, and strike a lite, and call for candle, but de little missy bring piece o' pine, and tell me to lite dat. Den I put de supper on de table, an wen I look up at de lady I feel so bad, I almos cry."

"But, why, Tom!" asked Desmond.

"O, massa, de poor lady look so tin and pale, and trimble all over wid cole."

"Did she eat any of the supper?"

"Little bit, massa."

"Did you tell her who sent it!"

"I tell um dat a gemmun, dat dont like to tell his name, sen um."

"Perfectly right, Tom; you are not such a fool after all."

Tom did not appear altogether to relish the doubtful compliment as well as might be expected.

"Do you think you could find the house again?"

"Yes, sur."

"Well, Tom, tell me more of what you saw there."

Tom then informed Desmond, that there was no furniture in the room, except an old table and rough pine bedstead, the latter of which was covered with an old carpet stuffed with straw. He saw no bed clothing whatever, neither was their seen any article of crockery, except an old cracked plate and a few saucers and cups. The room was bitter cold, and many of the glasses broken out of the windows. She appeared very grateful for the kindness of the unknown, who had sent her the supper, but started at the sight of the piece of gold, which proved to be ten dollars, and appeared uneasy about receiving it. She asked Tom if his master was wealthy, and if he was married.

Tom's reply as to the latter question seemed to give her yet more uneasiness, and it was only by much persuasion on Tom's part, that she was prevailed upon to accept it. The idea of his master paying her a visit in the morning seemed to Tom to worry her considerably.

Desmond listened to Tom's story in silence, then suddenly arose from his chair, and exclaimed, "I must leave the city at day break!"

Tom seemed surprised, and ventured to remind his master that he had promised to visit the poor lady to-morrow.

"True, I had forgotten that," said Desmond; "but Tom recollect, that my name is Charles Johnson while I remain here."

Tom placed his little finger on the tip of his nose, and winked his eye, as much as to say, "I understand you perfectly."

Desmond poured out a large glass of wine, and handing it to Tom, said, "Now, Tom, drink success to your master."

Tom hesitated a moment, as if doubting whether he ought to drink or not in his master's presence; but observing that Desmond was in earnest, he placed the glass to his mouth, and swallowed the contents without much effort. His eyes rolled up, his lips smacked, and Tom's whole soul seemed bathed in glorious emotions, as he exclaimed, "Coon-stew and persimmons!—ain't dat good!"

"You seem to enjoy it, Tom," said Desmond, smiling.

"De Lord bless Moses!—enjoy um fuh tru enty."

Tom was allowed to retire for the night, and Desmond threw himself upon his bed, musing over what he had seen and heard since his arrival in C——.

He determined to call upon Lula in disguise in the morning, and proffer his services, and then leave the city, and hire a room about four miles from town, and there remain under a fictitious name until his plans were developed, and Lula placed in her proper position in society.

He lay awake until nearly day, when "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visited his chamber, and bore him off to the arms of Morpheus. Sweet dreams, ladened with the light and lovelines of earlier, happier hours, fell sweetly upon his troubled spirit, and his bosom heaved as gently as an infants, as he lay with a quiet smile upon his manly face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Necromancer in Algeria.

Every one has seen, or heard speak of, the great Robert Houdin. Beside being the prince of conjurors, he is an able mathematician and mechanician, and his electric clock, made for the Hotel de Ville of his native town of Blois, obtained a medal at the Paris Exhibition. It is not generally known that he was sent to Algeria by the French Government on a mission connected with the black art—probably the first time that a conjuror has been called upon to exercise his profession in Government employ. Some details of his exhibition have just been published. Its object was to destroy the influence exercised among the Arab tribes by the Marabouts—an influence often mischievously applied. By a few clumsy tricks and impostures these Marabouts pass themselves off as sorcerers; no one, it was justly thought, was better able to eclipse their skill and discredit their science than the man of inexhaustible bottles.

One of the great pretensions of the Marabout was to invulnerability. At the moment that a loaded musket was aimed at him, and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words and the weapon did not go off. Houdin detected the trick, and showed that the tubehole was plugged. The Arab wizard was furious, and abused his French rival. "You may revenge yourself," quietly replied Houdin; "take a pistol; load it yourself; here are bullets; put one in the barrel; but before doing so, mark it with your knife." The Arab did as he was told.

"You are quite certain, now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is loaded and will go off. Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, notwithstanding that I authorize you?" "You are my enemy," coolly replied the Arab; "I will kill you." Without replying, Houdin stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and calmly gave the word to fire.

The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet the Marabout had marked.

The spectators remained mute from stupefaction; the Marabout bowed before his superior. "Allah is great!" he said, "I am vanquished." Instead of the bottle from which, in Europe, Robert Houdin pours an endless stream of every description of wine and liquor, he called for an empty bowl, which he kept continually full of boiling coffee, but few of the Arabs would taste it, for they made sure that it came direct from the devil's own coffee pot. He then told them that it was in his power to deprive them of all strength, and to restore it to them at will, and he produced a small box, so light that a child might lift it with his finger; but it suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it, and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror at the great magician who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will. They expressed this belief; Houdin confirmed them in it, and promised that, on a day appointed, he would convert one of them into smoke. The day came; the throng was prodigious; a fanatical Marabout had agreed to give himself up to the sorcerer. They made him stand upon a table and covered him with a transparent gauze; then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the two ends, and the Arab disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

The terror of the spectators was indescribable; they rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before some of the boldest thought of returning to look after the Marabout. They found him near the place where he had been evaporated, but he could tell them nothing, and was like a drunken man, ignorant of what had happened to him. Thenceforward Houdin was venerated, and the Marabouts despised; the object of the French Government was completely attained. The fashion of "testimonials" having, it appears, infected even the Arabs a number of chiefs presented the French conjuror with a piece of Arab writing, wonderfully decorated, hyperbolically and eulogistic, and to which they were so attentive as to append a French translation. Besides this memorial of his Algerine trip, Houdin has a rosary which he one day borrowed from an Arab to perform a trick with, and which the owner, persuaded that Shitan in person was before him, refused to receive back.—*London Times' Paris Correspondent.*

Presents from the Pope.—His Holiness has sent a precious relic to his godson, the Imperial Prince; it is no other than "a rich casket containing a piece of the Saviour's cradle." It was received with due reference by Louis Napoleon, who, we incline to believe, has a more fervent piety than Napoleon, the uncle; for on one occasion, during his campaign in Italy, there was proffered to him a thorn, a single spine, from the Crown of Thorns. The thorn was affixed to a solid wedge of gold. "I will not deprive the holy brotherhood of so precious a relic as the Thorn, of which they are the best repository; but in the memory of their loyalty, I will merely take the gold."

Miriam, the Belle of the Harem.

It was at this moment that a small piece of a dark knight slipped into the room, and around among the chibouks and narghiles to my feet, where pressing his forehead to my hand, he contrived to whisper to me that the 'Sitt Miriam' wanted to see me. Supposing thereby that she was ready to depart I went out into the large reception room; but no one was there. My sable guide led on, while I followed, strongly suspicious that the imp might commit an error and guide me into forbidden rooms. I was not far wrong. Crossing a court, down into which the stars shone. I followed him into a dark entry, when he threw open a door, and I found myself in the holy of holies of an Eastern house—that spot forbidden to the foot of man in all known ages of Moslem rule. The scene that burst on my astonished vision was worth a journey to the Orient to see.

One swift glance around the room convinced me that it was all right; for I caught the eyes of Miriam, who was curled upon a crimson divan, and smoking a narghile as if she had been brought up to it all her life, and in a moment I understood that she had managed the introduction by some ingenuity that I could not have believed possible.

In Greece, the seclusion of the harem is unknown. But in Greek families living in Egypt or Syria it is even more strictly enforced than by the Mohammedans themselves, for the contempt which is poured out on a Mohammedan woman who has shown her face to men is visited tenfold on Christians, who have difficulty in keeping their positions in the country. The foot step of a man had never crossed this threshhold before except of a father or brother, and the inhabitants of this retreat shrank at first in terror from having their faces seen by a stranger.

It was by adroit management, by proposing it as a frolic, working up their curiosity, and pledging eternal secrecy and instant departure from the country, that Miriam had persuaded them to consent to send for me; and they secured the old man's permission on the ground of the universal love of Greeks for Americans. And so I was sent for, and so I came.

The scene in the room, when I entered, was worthy of a painter's presence. The mother of the family, seated on a pile of cushions, was a woman of splended beauty; and her daughters were like their mother. Her young sister, a girl of twenty-two or three, and her niece, a girl of seventeen, were standing near her, while their Nubian slaves—slender and graceful women, black as night, but not thick lipped, having rather the features of the Shellalee of Egypt, and, in form and face, models of grace and beauty—waited on their beautiful mistresses. A troop of children, with large black eyes, dressed like fairies, greeted my entrance with a shout of welcome, and for a moment I hesitated to enter a place sacred not only by Oriental custom against such a visit; but sacred especially by the presence of so much magnificent beauty, not before exposed to the eye of a stranger.

But the surprised look of Miriam and of Mrs. and Miss Saunders reassured me; and I advanced with as much courage as could be expected of a somewhat diffident American in an Eastern harem.

Often since then, in still and quiet evenings, when I remember the incidents of my Eastern travel, the face of that radiant Greek girl comes before me like a vision of the unreal beauties of paradise.

I never saw a women half so beautiful. She was the first and last one that I saw abroad whom I thought equal to the American standard of female beauty; and she was a star.

She was reclining on the divan, half buried in its cushions, with her arms around Miriam's neck, telling her, in all the rich Oriental phrases she could invent, of her love for her newly found sister.

I will endeavor, for the sake of my lady readers, and with assistance, to describe her dress, which was almost a *fac simile* of the dresses of four other ladies in the room, whose inferior beauty must excuse my leaving them to sketch their splendid companion.

Firstly, she wore the part of the Turkish lady's dress which we would call the trousers known by them as the *shintiyan*, and a very different affair from the pantaloons which the American ladies' rights ladies argue so much in favor of. They are necessarily more cumbersome than the ordinary European style of dress, being enormously heavy folds of silk stuff, embroidered with heavy gold thread; gathered at the ankles with gold and jewelled bands. Those of which I now speak were of rose colored silk, and the little feet, that were quite hidden in the folds as they fell around them when she walked, were covered with velvet slippers, embroidered with seed pearls.

The *yellak*—a sort of open dress that falls in a long train behind, and is festened only at the waist, falling away so as to leave the *shintiyan* visible—is, I believe, not worn by unmarried ladies; but she had a similar dress, of the same rose colored silk, richly embroidered. A low chemisette, with embroidered front and sleeves, left almost the entire bust exposed, and a velvet jacket, heavy with gold thread and jewels, completed the rich and gorgeous costume.

But the dress although of the most costly fabrics of the Damascus looms, was as nothing compared with the jewels that flashed from her wrists, and neck, and hair.

Over her left shoulder, hanging like a sash down to the right side of the waist, was a golden girdle or band, made of broad pieces of gold, shaped like willow leaves, and fastened together at the sides. The belt of the *yellak* and *shintiyan*, which is ordinarily a cashmere shawl, (known vulgarly in America as camel's hair,) was silk, gathered at the side with the star of brilliants. On her arms were jewelled serpents; and the only covering of her bosom, which was exposed as I have said, consisted of strings of pearls that lay across it, each string shorter than the one above it, and whose whiteness was rivalled by the neck they adorned.

Her hair was bound together under a small cap of crimson velvet, that rested only on the back of her head, and of which the velvet was but the material on which were clustered as many pearls and diamonds, as I remarked to Miriam, would purchase all the jewelry that the most gorgeous New York saloon could exhibit in a crowded evening assembly.

I have described the lady's costume as literally as I can for the benefit of my lady readers; but I thought little of her costume then, when I was looking at her splendid beauty. Miriam was in ecstasy herself, and would interrupt her caresses constantly, by turning to me with the demand, 'Isn't she beautiful?'

Her hair was black as the clouds of December night, and swept away from a fine forehead, in heavy tresses. Her face was no cold Greek countenance. It was full of life and passion; her eyes black, and flashing with fun; the red blood tingling close under the skin through her cheeks, and sometimes flushing her forehead with an exquisite glow; her lips were red and laughing; her chin the smallest imaginable; and her form slender, yet full and graceful as the forms of dream land.

I know that I am liable to the charge of exaggeration in my description of this scene and that Whitely and Moreright will assure inquirers after my truthfulness that they do not believe a word of it. I am sorry to say that my otherwise conscientious friends were so envious of my success in this instance, and so much annoyed at my frequent reference to it when they grew eloquent on the subject of beauties they had seen, that they are not likely to be candid witnesses. I am, therefore, glad of one friend to whom I may appeal for my accuracy.

Miriam had, as we came from the tents, laughingly asserted her intention of procuring me admission to the harem, and I had pledged myself to one of the gentlemen that if I entered he should go as well.

Mr. DeLeon's high position with the Greeks, which he earned by his noble conduct when they were threatened with expulsion from Egypt, made his name a sort of household word with them in all parts of the Levant; and having broken the ice by allowing my presence, there was no difficulty in procuring the assent of the ladies to admitting one whom they knew so well to be a man of honor, and a friend to their countrymen.

The same imp of darkness was dispatched to bring him, and, when he came, the fun of the whole thing was complete, and the fair prisoners, as romance has called them, seemed to be delighted with the novelty of their company.

The old man, who had come in, entered into their joy completely, and looked on with a smiling face for a few moments, before he returned to his guests in the other part of the house. He left us to a rattling conversation with the ladies, in which my Arabic was amply sufficient for my purposes, since they did all the talking, and constantly repeated their warnings that we were not to reveal in Jaffa the fact we had seen their countenances.

Narghiles, on which they placed perfumed wood from Mecca, were renewed as constantly as we finished them, and coffee, and a host of delicacies, were, from time to time presented by the slave girls, who seemed to enter into their mistresses enjoyment most keenly.

When we rose to go—and I am bound to admit the hour would have been thought late, even in America—they would scarcely admit Miriam to leave them, but again and again embraced her, and kissed her on each cheek, and on her lips, while the Nubians would seize her at the same instant from behind, with one hand on each side, and give her a sympathetic squeeze in accordance with each kiss of their fair mistress. We left her with them while we stepped back into the room among the men, where the smoke was so thick that I do not think our absence had been noticed.

The little old bishop was still talking about the patriarch, the wine and the coffee circulated as before; and in a few moments we took leave of our kind host, with sincere respect for his hospitality.

He and his son, and the entire party, not excepting the bishop, rose when we rose, and accompanied us to the door, and then to the street and then up and down the narrow, winding streets of Jaffa; nor did they leave us till we roused the sleepy guard at the gloomy gateway, and walked out into the glorious moonlight that fell on the walls of the city with that strange effect that moonlight has on ancient piles of stone, and more beautifully still on the white tents that stood on the hill above the sea.—*W. C. Prime's Tent life in the East.*

A Fearful Judgment.—The Hollidaysburg Standard of a late date, says: For some days past there has been a singular story afloat in this community. It appears that one day last week, a man in the neighborhood of Mount Union, Huntington county, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a wilful, malicious and wicked manner, as will not bear putting in print. He left the barn and went to the house, where he seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken. "I thought," said he that I heard somebody say that I must sit here till the judgment day." It is now alleged that he is *still sitting in the chair*, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving his body.

We once heard of a young lady who was requested by a bachelor, somewhat advanced in years to take a seat on his knee, while in a crowded sleigh.

'No thank you,' said she. 'I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me.'

A Good Congressional Story.

Hon. T. O. H. Smith, of Indiana, is writing a series of very interesting reminiscenses of his Congressional life, which are published in the Indiana State Journal. Here is one:

North Carolina Intelligence.—There arose a personal debate during the session, between Judge Dorsey, of Maryland, and Samuel P. Carson, of North Carolina, which became highly interesting to the House, as it was carried on with the utmost good humor on both sides. It was evident however, that Judge Dorsey had decidedly the advantage of his North Carolina competitor. The debate ultimately turned upon the comparative intelligence of the constituents of these gentlemen. Mr. Carson had charged that the people of the eastern shore of Maryland were ignorant of the history of the country, owing to their inability to read or write, and closed with a most ludicrous account of the subserviency of the Marylanders to the supposed great men of the country. The good humor of the House seemed to be on the side of North Carolina, when Judge Dorsey rose to reply, his face covered with fun; John Leeds Keer, afterwards United States Senator, whispered in my ear: "Dorsey says funny things." I give a sketch of his speech from recollection: "The gentleman says my constituents are ignorant and illiterate; I will not retort upon those who sent him here, but relate a few facts and leave the House to judge between us. Dates are important. The late war was declared in 1812, and the British army ingloriously burned the capitol in 1814, to the lasting disgrace of that nation. The whole scene was immediately published in the National Intelligencer, and copied into every paper in the United States.

"The war was over and peace restored by the treaty of Ghent. Just ten years after the burning of the capitol, my business took me into the gentleman's district. I was approaching the principal town when I heard the sound of a fife and drum emerging from a yellow pine woods, near the town, where they were making tar and turpentine. I saw before me the waving plume and the marching, with quick step, of a regiment of men, the stars and stripes borne aloft, with the motto, "North Carolina now and forever," in gilt letters. I rode directly up to the principal hotel, kept by a landlord that evidently lived well, and knew how to entertain his guests if he was pleased with their standing. The moment I was seated on the porch he addressed me: "Have you heard the news!" "What news!" "Why the British have burned the capitol, and our army is moving forward, as you see, to meet the enemy." "When did you get the news!" "We got it last night about seven o'clock." That you may understand how this happened, we held a great meeting to give information to the people. It was found that there was but one man in the country that could read. He was elected county reader. We then voted to take the National Intelligencer, and that every Saturday afternoon the paper should be publicly read, beginning at the first page and reading it regularly through, advertisements and all; and since then our reader has kept constantly at it every Saturday afternoon.

"'Last night he read the burning of the Capitol by the British. We at once flew to arms. The old revolutionary spirit is completely aroused.' Dinner was announced and I took my seat at the head of the table, when out sprang my landlord and in a moment announced that the President of the United States was approaching in a coach and four with out-riders, and sure enough up drove the coach with four splendid grays, and out-riders in full livery. The distinguished personage stepped from the coach, and was bowed into the parlor by my landlord, hat in hand. Curiosity led me to place one ear to the opening. The landlord bowed to the floor—"The President of the United States, I presume." "Not exactly." "The Secretary of State!" Not exactly." "The Secretary of War!" Not exactly." "The Secretary of the Navy!" Not exactly." "The Governor of North Carolina!" "Not exactly." "Joseph Gales, the editor of the National Intelligencer!" "Not exactly." Then raising his voice and stamping his foot, "Who in the thunder are you?" "I am a merchant tailor from Washington City, and have come here to collect some bills." "You can pass on; I have no room for you.'" The Judge closed amidst thunders of applause; his triumph was complete, Mr. Carson laughed heartily, and the matter ended in the best of personal feeling.

A Wife in a Handkerchief.—The following curious manner in which some Chinese merchants serve up their wives to distinguished visitors, is related by the Singapore correspondent of the London Times:

"In the middle of the visit, a silken package with a sort of thatch over it, was brought in by two bearers, and put down on the floor. It looked like an exaggerated handkerchief gathered up at the corners, and covered by a wicker dish-cover. The guests thought it was probably a dish of meat or a new course of preserves, when the thatch was removed and at the bottom of the bundle was seen a small human figure squatted upon its haunches. The little thing gradually picked itself up, came out of it the bundle, and fell upon its knees before the master of the house, putting up her hand in the posture of a suppliant. The Chinaman rose from his seat, and waved his hand with dignity, and the little lady arose. As she did so, he said to his European guests 'My wife.' 'My wife' made a slight salutation around, and then retiring to her handkerchief again, was covered up, and was borne from the room as she entered."

Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, in a recent speech, said: "The American party cannot be thought other than a temporary organization, somewhat like Betty Wiggle's pig:

"When it lived, it lived in clover;
And when it died, it died all over."